

Collide

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Summary: Emma Thorpe's sister went missing the night before Scott McCall was bitten. Two months later, Emma is pretending that everything is fine, but everything is totally in fact, not fine. In the two months Emma was gone, Beacon Hills seemed to have turned on its side. Now, Emma must figure out what the hell is going on in Beacon Hills, finding that everything seems to be connected.

1. Chapter 1

"I don't know why you're forcing me to go to this." Emma sighed out as she walked into the shared bathroom where her sister, Jules, was standing in front of the mirror sink, applying foundation.

"Because you haven't gone out in forever." Jules answered, paying more attention to her reflection in the mirror than Emma.

"I've been preoccupied." Jules paused mid brush stroke to glance over at her sister, unfilled eyebrow raised.

"We all have." Jules wasn't letting Emma have a pity party tonight. No, tonight, they were going to an actual party. "And we've all been able to move forward." Jules closed her foundation, reaching for her eyebrow brush and powder, "Except you." She added on, making Emma's stomach tighten up.

Emma crossed her arms over her chest, not responding to her sister's jab. Jules glanced away from the mirror again. She put down her eyebrow brush and turned to face Emma full on.

"I get it. It's been rough." Jules put her hands on Emma's shoulders, "But we can't just sit here waiting for her to come back." Jules raised her eyebrows. If the girls were having a not so serious conversation, Emma would laugh at how ridiculous Jules looked; one eyebrow filled in, but Emma couldn't even look at her sister.

"So just come out with me and the others, okay?" Emma took in a breath as Jules looked at her with hope in her big eyes.

"An hour." Emma flatly said. Jules gave her a knowing look.

"We'll see how it goes." Jules patted Emma's cheek before turning back to the mirror, "Now please change into something less hideous and put some makeup on. This is your big comeback and we both know Lydia would not want you ruining her birthday party with some lame ass outfit." Emma laughed to herself, shaking her head at Jules' comment. She backed out of the bathroom and into her bedroom that she used to share with her younger sister, Meg, but Meg hadn't slept in the twin since January. Now, it was the middle of March.

Megan Thorpe had gone missing on a Sunday night. She was supposed to be at a friend's house. She had called Emma for a ride home, but Emma ignored the call. How was she supposed to know that answering would mean that she would still be sharing a room with her younger sister? How was she supposed to know that Megan would give up, deciding to trek home in the dark? How was she supposed to know that Meg would never make it home? But Emma didn't and Meg never made it home so it was all Emma's fault.

The Thorpe family was shaken. It was the second time that something like this had happened. The first time was when Emma was nine and found herself moving into her Aunt Angie's house, not knowing exactly why, but knowing it wasn't good. But that was seven years ago. And then Megan, the smallest, youngest Thorpe went missing.

The police searched everywhere. Meg's face was plastered on news stations, newspapers, all over school. Then there was an increasing amount of animal attacks and Meg's face slowly faded from the news. The case was never closed, but there was never any new information. It just went cold.

Emma, with the permission of Angie, dropped out of Beacon Hills High for a semester. Since Angie was the Vice Principal, Emma was able to continue her studies at home. Angie knew Emma needed space, time to be alone and to grieve her sister. Emma cut contact with all of her friends at school, going dark and not wanting to speak to anyone. And soon, most of them stopped showing up, stopped calling and texting. Emma didn't mind; she wasn't expecting any of them to stay by her side, and she wasn't doing this for attention. She just had to be alone. Alone in her once shared room.

In a family as big as the Thorpe's, it was easy to feel surrounded by people but so alone. Emma was one of six. She was one third of a set of triplets, the youngest one, by seventeen minutes as she was often reminded of every year.

The oldest was Hannah. She was twelve when the Thorpe siblings moved into Angie's house. Now, she went to Beacon Hills Community College, bartending almost every night to help Angie out with raising all of them. She was getting her nursing degree and would soon start to shadow at the hospital.

Then came Logan. He was a year older than the triplets, a junior at Beacon Hills High. The most charming of the family; he managed to get by in his classes with just a flash of his smile and those piercing eyes. He was protective over his sisters, wanting nothing but the

best for them and assuming a paternal role since their father was no longer in their lives.

The triplets were planned to a degree; their parents weren't expecting triplets. Both of their parents had no triplets run in the family, but they were the closest of the six. It made sense, since they all shared a womb. Owen was the first of the triplets born. He was the quietest of the six, keeping to himself, while the middle triplet, Jules, was the complete opposite; sarcastic and sharp witted, she wasn't afraid to call someone out on their bullshit.

Finally came Meg, the surprise baby. She was closest to Emma, basically attached to Emma's hand from the time she could recognize faces. All five of the Thorpes were incredibly protective over Meg, not wanting to lose her. But then, they did.

The siblings all felt the pain, Hannah threw herself into her work, barely coming home at night. Logan spiraled downward into a dark place, and Angie found herself at the sheriff's station more times than once. Owen found comfort in his schoolwork while Jules disappeared for days at a time, staying at friends' or boyfriends'. Emma stayed at home, only leaving the house when Angie made her go grocery shopping with her or out to family dinners, but even then Emma barely spoke.

Slowly, all the other siblings returned to normal activities. Especially when it became clear that Meg wasn't coming home. They all accepted it, but for some reason, Emma couldn't. She couldn't push past to the next step, couldn't accept that Meg was gone. So now, Jules was forcing her. The rest had pulled themselves out of whatever hole they buried themselves into and now they were helping Emma out. Because they were a family.

"M&M! Let's goooOOOO!" Jules shouted as she walked down the hall to the narrow staircase. Emma stared at herself in the mirror; she was slightly sparkly thanks to some old makeup she had found buried in her drawer of stuff. Otherwise, she looked completely normal. No one would know that she had spent the last night staring up at her ceiling, not sleeping.

"Emma!" Logan's booming voice got Emma to blink at her reflection and then glance to her bedroom door, "We're leaving without you!"

"No!" Jules gasped out. Emma could picture Jules horrified look at their brother, "No, Emma, we're not! But come on!" Emma took in a breath before giving her reflection a tight smile.

"You can do this." She gave herself a pep talk. Shaking her hands out, Emma took a step to her bedroom door, opening it and stepping out into the hallway, heading for the stairs.

"Question," Logan turned to his younger sister as they waited for Emma, "Why are we going to Lydia Martin's birthday party? She's the one that they found naked in the woods right?"

"Emma doesn't know that." Jules looked up at her brother, "And besides, she's our friend."

"Not my friend." Logan laughed out, shaking his head.

"Never said you had to come." Jules raised her eyebrows, waiting for her brother to say something stupid. All he did was shrug. The sound of footsteps on the stairs got Jules to draw her attention from Logan to Emma.

"_Finally_." Jules groaned, "Let's goooooo." Emma looked around the two, noticing a missing sibling.

"Okay, Owen's not even hereâ€" "

"Wrong." Owen cut off his sister as he stepped into the foyer, sandwich in one hand, "I was ready before all you."

"Well good for you." Jules rolled her eyes, "Now can we go?"

"Okay! Okay!" Emma put her hands up, "Geez."

"I'm sure Lydia isn't gonna run out of booze." Logan assured his sister with an easy smile, getting a glare from Jules.

Emma stepped off the bottom stair, going into Logan's side. Logan wrapped an arm around her head, pulling her close and kissing the top of her head.

"Angie!" Jules called out for the four of them, "We're leaving!"

"Wait!" Their aunt's voice came back from the back of the house. Emma stepped away from Logan as Angie came into the foyer area, "You're going to that girl, Lydia's, correct?"

"Yes." Owen answered. Angie nodded as Owen took a bite of his sandwich. Angie's eyes went to Jules,

"Is it a big party?"

"We'll probably be the only ones there. Trust me." Jules made her eyes wide, rocking back on her heels. Another nod from Angie before she moved onto Logan.

"And you'll be the entire time." It wasn't a question, all of them knew that. Logan nodded, crossing his heart with his pointer finger. Angie took in a breath and moved onto Emma.

"This is good." Angie gave her niece a warm smile, "You'll have fun."

"Only if we get there." Jules groaned out, getting everyone's attention. Angie raised her eyebrows, but Jules held her own, not shrinking back.

"Okay, okay, I get it." Angie opened her arms, waving her nieces and nephews into her arms, "Family hug."

All of them shuffled into Angie's arms, awkwardly and smushing together in Angie's arms, "Have fun." She mumbled, voice muffled by their bodies.

>One by one, they all untangled themselves from Angie. Emma was the last one who was freed and Angie gave her an understanding smile; she

knew how hard this was for Emma. Her first day back at Beacon Hills High was approaching and Emma had kept quiet on the whole subject.<p>

"Be safe." Angie gave each of them a stern look. There was a bit of silence before Owen broke it with a serious,

"We will."

Angie was satisfied, waving them towards the door, "Call if you're gonna be late." Each of them nodded as Jules opened the front door, walking out of the house first. The rest followed and Logan closed the door behind them.

"Keys." Logan stated, getting Jules to turn to look at him.

"And why are you driving?"

"It's my car." Logan raised his eyebrows.

"I know how to get there faster." Jules stopped walking, letting the keys dangle from her hand.

"Cause you go through red lights." Logan laughed.

"Oh you've done so much worse." Jules made a face. Owen and Emma shared a look; both of them knowing that this argument could get dangerously personal and loud within a few seconds. Owen stepped forward, grabbing the keys from Jules.

"Looks like I'm driving." Owen raised his shoulders up as he walked towards the car. Jules rolled her eyes, running after her brother,

"Shotgun!"

"Rosa Parks!" Logan called, going after Jules.

Emma laughed at her siblings, walking after the three of them and getting to the car as Jules slammed the front passenger door on Logan's face, locking it and sticking her tongue out. Logan rolled his eyes and climbed into the backseat of the Honda Civic. Emma shut the backdoor, patting her brother's arm as he got comfortable.

"Even in heels, she's pretty quick." Emma assured him.

"Yeah, no shit." Logan huffed out. Owen started the car and Logan reached forward and over the back of the passenger seat to rub his hand over Jules' face.

"Logan!" Jules shrieked, voice hitting an octave, "FUCK YOU!" She cried out, twisting around in her seat to lunge at Logan. Her seatbelt prevented her from going to far, but Logan's legs were long enough that she could get a good hit to his knee.

"Ow! Jules!"

Emma couldn't help but laugh at her siblings antics. She found herself reaching to mess up Logan's hair, getting a horrified gasp from him. He swatted her hands away and moved to hold both Emma and

Jules at arms' length, hands pressed against their faces.

"It's not fair when you tag team me!" He cried out.

Emma licked Logan's hand to get him to release her, while Jules pried Logan's hand off of her face and gave him a death stare, "it's not fair when your giant ass hands fuck up my makeup." She snapped out.

"Yeah, well you know what they say about big handsâ€¦".

"Oh gross!" Both Thorpe girls groaned, making disgusted faces as Logan laughed at them. Emma caught Owen's eye in the rearview mirror and she sat up a little more to see him smiling a bit. For as quiet as he was, he loved his family. She sat back in her seat, lightly punching Logan's shoulder and making him sway. Emma already felt better than she had in weeks.

When the Civic pulled up to the house, it was clear that Jules was pretty much right; there were almost no cars in front of Lydia's house.

"Well," Jules started, looking around the grounds, "More booze for us." She shrugged, not affected by the lack of people. Emma, on the other hand, was confused.

"Where is everyone? Lydia's parties are usually the biggest events of the year." Emma's brows furrowed as she looked at Logan. Logan didn't answer, just shrugging and pushing out of the car. Emma followed suit, walking around the front of the car with Owen.

"What happened?" Emma asked Owen. Owen took in a breath, shoving his hands into his pockets.

"She went off the deep end after formal." Owen quickly explained, "Went missing for like two days. The police found her naked in the woods and from then, she's beenâ€¦not herself." Owen couldn't quite explain it. He had watched her go from the top to the bottom very quickly; many meetings in Morell's office, her crazy messages on the board in Economics, and not to mention the lack of bitchiness. Lydia Martin had lost her Queen Bee title and it was now obviously clear.

"Damn." Emma felt a little guilty for what had happened to Lydia, but she pushed it aside as the four of them got to the front door.

Jules rang the bell, the front door swinging open moments later to reveal a decked out Lydia Martin. She had a tray of drinks in her hand and was wearing a tight dress. Nothing about her seemed off, especially when she welcomed with her usual decorum.

"Just what I need. The Thorpes." She raised her eyebrows as she looked at them, lips pursed.

"Aware that was sarcasm and was meant to hurt, but I can't find it in myself to care." Logan raised his eyebrows at her, stepping up and grabbing a drink off of her tray and walking into the house, "Happy birthday!" He called out as he downed the drink.

Jules rolled her eyes as Lydia stepped back to let the rest of them

into the house, "Haven't missed him." Lydia made a face before her eyes landed on Emma, "But I have missed you."

"Hey, Lydia." Emma gave a small wave and Lydia gave her an elevator look.

"Glad you're back." Lydia simply said. She handed Emma a drink, not listening to Emma's protests as she gave one to Jules and Owen, "Enjoy!" She gave a bright smile before spinning around and walking away from the triplets.

The triplets shared a look before walking into the house. Owen dumped his half cup into Emma's, ignoring her protests as well. Then he pointed at himself, "DD." Was all he said as he began backing away from the girls. Jules huffed before linking arms with Emma.

"Just an hour, remember?" Emma gave Jules a look. Jules ignored it, clinking glasses with her sister before taking a sip of the pink drink.

"Let's mingle, yeah?" Jules asked before slipping her arm out of Emma's and walking off to where the pool was. Emma took a sip of her drink, testing it, before deciding to continue to drink it. She followed after Jules to the pool area.

There was a good amount of people there than previously suspected. Most of them were huddled around in groups outside, some drag queens showed up—Emma didn't comment, and some Emma didn't even recognize. She continued to take small sips of her drink as she people watched. There was music playing and her siblings were talking to people they knew; Logan had some girl sitting on his lap on one of the chairs, Owen was with some bros from class, while Jules was surrounded by both girls and boys. Emma rocked back on her heels, deciding to take a lap around the pool.

Letting her sandal clad foot skim the top of the water, Emma continued to drink from her cup as she walked around. This was the first time she was being social since Meg's disappearance. A part of her wanted to enjoy it, while a part of her wanted to be on high alert, just in case. Emma rarely let go, but it was time.

Staring down into the pool, Emma took another sip of her drink, slowly getting to the bottom of the drink. A laugh made Emma look up, more people had filtered out onto the pool deck. Her siblings were still mingling, Logan was making out with that girl, Owen was laughing at something someone said and Jules had her hand on some guy's arm. Emma took in a breath, tapping her fingernails against the cup as she continued to walk the length of the pool. She let her eyes wander and then caught sight of two very familiar faces. She downed the rest of her drink as she gathered up the courage to go talk to them. As she walked up to the two boys, she tried not to trip over herself.

"Hey!" She got their attention. Emma watched their reactions. Scott McCall gave her a small smile from where he sat, but Emma wasn't concerned about his reaction so much as the guy standing next to him, Stiles Stilinski. Stiles glanced at her before looking back down at his cup.

"Well, uh—" Emma didn't know what to say. She was hoping for some

sort of response from Stiles, but it was clear he wasn't interested in talking to her. "Okay." Emma nodded, looking down at her empty cup, "I should probably get some more." Emma raised her cup, giving a nervous smile. Scott gave her a warm smile, which Emma ignored. Glancing once more at Stiles, Emma turned, walking away from the boys.

"Dude," Scott hit Stiles' leg, "That was Emmaâ€"

"I know who that was." Stiles' jaw clicked as he looked down at Scott, "I'm well aware of who that was." He raised his eyebrows, letting out a short laugh.

"Just thought you'd be a little more happy to see her." Scott grumbled, giving up on Stiles and turning back to people watch.

Stiles let his finger trail over the edge of his cup, staring into the pink liquid. He looked up and over the pool to see Emma filling up her cup from the drink fountain Lydia had gotten for easy access to whatever concoction she had made. Stiles had seen Emma before she saw them and he had spent the rest of the time mentally preparing himself for how he would act around her. A hundred scenarios ran through his head, but as soon as she stepped up to them, he couldn't even make eye contact. So she filled in the silence, just like she always did. Her voice still sounded like she had smoked three packs a day, even though Stiles knew she only smoked when she was stressedâ€"a habit brought on when they were thirteen and Stiles dared her to smoke a cigarette (he realized his mistake)

From Stiles' standpoint, everything had changed, except for her.

Stiles hadn't seen Emma since Meg's disappearance two months ago. She dropped out of school, out of extracurriculars, out of Stiles' life and Stiles never tried to force himself into hers.

He had meant to, but then Scott got bit by Peter and he just got so caught up in werewolf drama. He didn't want to get Emma involved, especially after Meg disappeared. It was for the best. Or at least that's what he told himself.

And of all places to make her reappearance, Stiles wasn't expecting Emma to do it at Lydia fucking Martin's birthday party. But now she was back and Stiles didn't know what to do.

Emma and Stiles had grown up together. They had met in pre-school. Stiles had a lunch consisting of pretty much nothingâ€"which Emma would slowly learn it was because of his mom's deterioration, so Emma handed him half of her turkey and cheese sandwich and a box of raisins. From there, a friendship blossomed. Emma would always give Stiles raisins during the day, while Stiles would let Emma play the cop in cops and robbers. Emma stuck by Stiles' side, spending her weekends in the hospital with him and most times, he spent school nights at Emma's, staying over when the sheriff had to work late. After Claudia's death, Emma stood by Stiles, raisins in hand, watching as he tried not to cry.

Emma stuck with him through it all; his crush on Lydia Martin, his mother's death, and even his short lived goth phase. They shared

countless memories together, nights spent studying, watching lame horror movies and the timeless tradition of watching the national spelling bee together.

But all of that changed when Meg went missing. The Thorpes had been through a lot, but Emma always acted like everything was fine. Stiles assumed that she would do the same when Meg disappeared, but it turned out he was wrong. he was wrong about a lot of things and he didn't know how to move forward since Emma was back.

"It's Emma, right?" Emma turned at the sound of someone's voice. Standing in front of her was a kid she recognized from some of her classes in freshman year.

"Mattâ€|?" Emma pointed at the kid, receiving a nod as she guessed his name right.

"Impressed you remembered." Matt gave a nervous laugh.

"Aren't you the one with all the comic books?" Emma felt her brow furrow as hazy details came back to her. Matt nodded, giving her a high smile.

"More into pictures now." Emma raised her eyebrows, "Like taking picturesâ€|" Matt tried to explain, waving his hand around.
"Notâ€"

"No, I got it." Emma gave him a friendly smile. "That's a good hobby." Matt nodded, looking down for a moment before looking back up.

"Sorry, I'm justâ€|I don't knowâ€|I don't wanna say the wrong thing." Matt finally settled on. Emma shook her head.

"I'm not gonna break at the mention of my sister." Emma gave Matt a smile. Matt quickly returned it.

Emma glanced over Matt's shoulder to see Stiles and Scott walking around the pool. Scott went into the house while Stiles stayed outside. Stiles met Emma's gaze and she quickly looked away, turning her attention back to Matt. Matt noticed, glancing over his shoulder at Stiles before looking back at Emma.

"Aren't you two friends? Like best friends?" Matt asked, moving his head back to motion to where Stiles was. Emma quickly glanced at Stiles again.

"Uh, I don't know." Emma truthfully said.

"Do you wanna talk about it?" Matt offered. Emma furrowed her brows at him, confused as to why Matt would want to talk about it with her. "I just, you shouldn't be upset over _Stiles _of all people." Matt explained.

"Yeah, no, I know." Emma made a face, "I'm okay. Thanks though." She gave him a tight smile. Matt nodded and motioned to her.

"Maybe we could hang out sometime though?" Matt casually asked. Emma gave him another raised eyebrow look, "I mean, I can show you some of the pictures I've takenâ€" Matt stopped suddenly, backtracking,

"â€"not in like a creepy way or anything!" Emma laughed a little, "Wow, I'm sorry."

"It's okay." Emma nodded at him, rocking a bit, "I'd like to see them."

"Okay." Matt grinned, "I'll see you around." Emma nodded as he walked by her, going over to some group of people.

Matt seemed harmless and it was nice for someone to actually be talking to her. He was nervous, sure, but he got up the courage to talk to her like a person. Pretty much everyone else at the party had ignored her, including her supposed best friend.

Emma wandered through Lydia's house, looking around herself at all the decorations. The house was filling up with people and Emma tried to find a quiet spot away from everyone. It was overwhelming.

Opening one of the doors on the first floor, Emma stepped into the laundry room. It was empty and quiet. She flipped on the light, setting her drink down on the washer and wrapping her arms around herself.

Suddenly, the door slammed. Emma spun around, stepping forward to twist the knob and open it, only to find that it was locked. Banging her hand on the door, Emma called out to the party, trying to get someone to open the door.

"Hello!?" Emma yelled, "This isn't funny!" There was a giggle behind her, making Emma pause. There was no one in the laundry room when Emma walked in. Slowly turning, Emma jumped at the sight of Meg standing in front of her. Emma scuttled back, pressing up against the door and pointing at Meg.

"Happy to see me?" Meg asked, tilting her head to the side. Emma's eyes were wide as she took in her younger sister. She was covered in dirt, hair was tangled with sticks and leaves while blood dripped from her temple.

"What the hell?" Emma managed out, throat going dry.

"Oh, this?" Meg gestured to herself, "Well, this is your fault."

"What?"

"You did this to me." Meg looked at Emma, eyes narrowing, "You didn't answer your cell so I had to _walk _home."

"Megâ€" "

"Oh, don't give me excuses!" Meg scoffed, rolling her eyes, "You were so selfish and now thanks to you, I'm like this."

"I didn't know!" Emma cried out, feeling tears begin to form.

"Typical you." Meg rolled her eyes, "Always so clueless, so _selfish_."

"Stop." Emma still had her hand out as Meg took a step closer.

"You did this!" Meg shouted out. She stepped closer to Emma. Emma shook her head, tears streaming down her face, "This is all YOUR FAULT!"

"No!" Emma clapped her hands over her ears, squeezing her eyes shut.

When she reopened them, the laundry room was empty. Emma spun around, looking for any signs of Meg. Blinking back tears, Emma continued to turn. She was shaking, not knowing what happened. She reached for the doorknob, turning it easily and opening the door to find the party still going on. Emma shook her head, wiping her eyes and stepping back out into party. She had to get out of the house.

Emma made her way to the front door, only to be stopped by Logan. His eyes were wide and he looked scared, which was a first for him, "We have go." He quickly said. Emma nodded and began to look around for her other two siblings. That's when she noticed how odd people were acting.

"Okay, I justâ€”Something happenedâ€”" Emma couldn't get the words out.

"I know." Logan had his hand on her arm, "Emma, I know."

"What the hell is going on?" Emma asked as she took in what was happening. Someone was making out with a potted plant, two were just spinning in circles and one girl was rocking back and forth in a fetal position.

"I don't know but everyone is _freaking out_." Logan's eyes were wide. "I hallucinated some weird shit after drinking whatever Lydia gave us." Logan looked back at Emma. Emma took in a shaky breath, opening her mouth to say something but a shrill siren cut them off.

The siren got everyone's attention. There were red and blue lights bouncing off of the walls. Emma met Logan's look before the two of them were consumed by the frantic teens trying to get out of the house.

"Emma!" Logan called out for his sister. Emma tried to find him the crowd but there were too many people and she was too short.

Shoving through the crowd, Emma tried to get to the front door. She ran outside with the rest of them, taking in a breath of fresh air as she saw people sprinting across the lawn to their cars. Police cars were surrounding the house, lights bouncing around as the cops grabbed a few teens. Emma spotted Jules and ran over to her sister, grabbing her arm and getting her attention.

"Where are the others?!" Emma cried out.

"I don't know!" Jules yelled back. Emma looked around herself, not seeing her brothers anywhere.

"Okay, stay here!" Emma told her sister, "No, go to car." She changed

her mind, getting a nod from Jules, "I think Logan's still inside." Jules nodded again, going off to the Civic. Emma turned around to see Owen jogging out from the back of the house, looking around. Emma waved to him, getting his attention.

"Have you seen Logan?" Emma asked as Owen jogged up to her.

"I thought he was with you." Owen's eyebrows furrowed, "Shit." Owen looked over his shoulder and let out a sigh. "I'll go find him. Get to the car." Emma nodded, giving Owen a small smile before he ran back into the house.

Emma turned, walking down the driveway. People were still running around her, but Emma didn't pay any attention. The Civic was still parked on the side of the street and Emma pulled open the door to slide into the backseat.

"Where's Logan and Owen?" Jules asked, turning around in her seat.

"Owen's finding him." Emma leaned forward, "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine." Jules said, voice cracking slightly, "Someone just spiked the fucking drinks."

"Yeahâ€¦" Emma trailed off as she sat back in her seat. She rubbed her temples trying to forget the imagery of Meg.

The sisters stayed quiet as they waited. A few minutes later, the two car doors opened. Logan and Owen climbed into the car, getting looks from both girls. They all were quiet as Owen started up the car, pulling onto the street and heading back to the house.

"So that was fun." Logan finally spoke up.

2. Chapter 2

Angie was still awake when the Thorpe siblings returned home. She was sitting on the couch in the living room, in her robe, going over some file folders from the school. The new principal wasn't the best at his job, forcing the old one out and putting in high tech security cameras. Angie wasn't a fan of him. If anything, she was a little bitter that the board didn't chose her to replace the previous principal, but she decided to keep her mouth shut and work behind the scenes to make sure everything ran smoothly. Of course, with a fight destroying the library, she was a little more than concerned about what was going on in Beacon Hills high. She was going over the budget for the reconstruction of the library when her nieces and nephews walked through the front door.

Peering over her glasses, she counted in her head as they walked into the foyer. There were four of them, just as there was when they left. All of them turned, noticing her sitting in the living room. Angie gave them a relaxed smile, shifting her weight as she closed the file folder, tossing it on the coffee table. As she pulled her feet up under her, the four siblings came into the living room, settling around in different places. Emma curled up next to Angie, while Owen fell onto the love seat, legs dangling over the armrest. Logan grabbed a pillow from the couch and settled onto the floor, knees

bent up and Jules straddled the arm of the couch, all of them looking expectantly at Angie.

"How was it?" Angie broke the silence. All at once they started chattering, not listening to the other, just trying to get their side of the story out.

"Okay, first off I didn't even wanna go!"

"I swear to God someone spiked the drinks!"

"Some people were making out with trees!"

"Then the cops showed up!"

"Wait the cops showed up?" Angie cut in, raising a hand to stop the chattering. She was concerned about the spiked drinks, but the cops and the Thorpes never mixed well. All of the siblings avoided her gaze, "_Guys_." She gave them a serious look.

"Hey, none of us were arrested." Logan put his hands up, gesturing to the group.

"We almost were though!" Jules' voice was shrill, "Because _someone_ disappeared!" She shot a look to Logan.

"I was trying to find Emma!" Logan argued back, motioning to Emma. Emma pulled her bottom lip into her mouth, chewing down on it.

"Okay! Okay!" Angie stopped the argument, motioning with her hands, "All that matters is all of you are here and safe." She looked around the room. The siblings shifted a bit, all of them thinking about the same thing; Meg.

"Well, I'm hungry." Owen sighed. He rolled off of the love seat, getting to his feet as he went.

One by one, each of the siblings went off on their own; Owen to the kitchen, Logan to the basement to play some video game, and Jules to her bedroom. Emma stayed on the couch and Angie reached over to pet Emma's hair.

"What's on your mind, M&M?" Angie asked. Emma shook her head, taking in a breath.

"It's nothing." She gave her aunt a small smile. Angie raised an eyebrow, knowing that Emma wasn't telling her the truth. Emma sighed and shrugged, "Whatever was in the drink made me hallucinate." Angie looked concerned as Emma continued, "And I saw Meg." Emma pulled her shoulders up, "I saw Meg and she yelled at me." Emma shook her head, not wanting to go into detail, "It's my fault." Emma felt tears begin to pool, "It's my fault she's missing."

"Oh, honey." Angie wrapped her arms around Emma's frame. Pulling her close, Emma began to cry, letting out a small sob. "It's not your fault. You did nothing wrong."

"But if I just"

"If's aren't gonna change anything." Angie cut Emma off, "You can't obsess about the ifs of life." Angie rested her chin on the top of Emma's head, "You just have to move on." Emma was quiet sans a few sniffles. Angie waited a few moments before changing the subject, "How was the party otherwise?" She pulled away from Emma, looking at her niece, "Was it nice seeing your friends?"

Emma shrugged again, wiping at her eyes, "It's was okay. Didn't really talk to anyone."

"I'm glad you went." Angie gave Emma a proud smile, tucking a strand of hair behind Emma's ear. Emma gave her a small smile before getting off of the couch.

"I think I'm just gonna head to bed." Emma motioned over her shoulder. Angie gave her an understanding nod, shifting a bit on the couch.

Emma walked back into the foyer and headed up the stairs to her bedroom, reliving the night's events as she went. She hated whoever spiked Lydia's punch; it was rude and uncalled for. Even though Emma didn't know what exactly happened to Lydia, it was clear that people were not handling her situation well. Lydia had become the butt of someone's joke and it hurt a lot more than just Lydia.

Jules knocked on Emma's bedroom door, standing in the bathroom doorway. She was leaning against the doorframe, arms crossed over her chest. Emma glanced over, giving Jules a small smile, which Jules took as an invitation to come into the bedroom.

"You good?" Jules asked as Emma pulled open her dresser drawers in search of something more comfy than the dress she had on.

"Yeah, I'm fine." Emma made a face. Jules rolled her eyes and launched herself on Emma's bed. Emma pulled off her dress and pulled on a rather baggy sweater and a pair of shorts. Jules had taken off her carefully applied makeup and was sporting a similar outfit.

"You're totally not fine." Emma raised an eyebrow at her sister, waiting for her to explain, "I saw you at the party. You didn't talk to anyone."

"Not true." Emma pointed at Jules, "I talked to this kid Matt." Jules rolled her eyes again.

"Yeah and he had a huge, raging, mental boner." Emma grimaced as she settled onto the bed, "I'd thought you'd at least talk to the sheriff's kid. You guys were always close."

"Well, I tried, butâ€¦" Emma shrugged, "He obviously didn't want anything to do with me. I don't blame him."

"You should!" Jules knitted her brows together, "You were glued to his side when all that shit happened with his mom and he didn't even show up here once to make sure you were okay." Emma shrugged, going to say something, when her phone buzzed. Jules grabbed it from the bed before Emma could and made a face as she looked at the screen.

"Speak of the devil." Jules turned Emma's phone to show Emma who was texting her. Emma felt her brows furrow as she reached for her phone, Stiles' name in all caps on the screen. Emma slid her finger across the screen to open the message.

"Wanted to apologize about earlierâ€¦" Emma read aloud, "Meet me at the sheriff's station?" Emma looked up from the screen to her sister. Jules raised her eyebrows and took the phone from Emma.

"I'm surprised you still even have his number."

"Of course I do." Emma took her phone back from Jules, "We're friendsâ€¦or friendly." Emma made a face, "I don't know." She looked at the text before scrolling up to the previous messages. She never deleted her texts so the last message was one from Emma saying she was fine. It was the morning that the family found out that Meg was missing.

"Mis hermanas!" Both Emma and Jules looked over to see Hannah walking into the bedroom, arms raised above her head, "What are you doing home?" She walked over to Jules, pulling Jules' head into her hip, "Wasn't there some rager going on tonight?" She winked at Emma as Jules pulled away from Hannah's hip.

"Until the cops showed up."

"Did Emma really wanna leave that bad?" Hannah joked, getting an eye roll from Jules.

"Why are you home?" Jules looked up at Hannah, "Aren't you supposed to work for like ever?" Hannah made a face.

"Hon, it's after 2. I'm home for the night." Hannah simply said, "What are you guys up to tonight? Hungry?"

"We went to Toby's after the party." Emma caught her sister's eye, shrugging a bit, "Logan said it was good to soak up the alcohol." Hannah pulled the corners of her mouth down, nodding a bit in agreement.

"Logan and Owen are in the basement probably getting chewed out by some thirteen year olds on Xbox." Jules started to explain, "And Emma is deciding whether or not to go to the police station to meet Stiles Stilinski."

"Ooooo." Hannah made a sultry face as she looked at Emma, "Secret hook up at the sheriff's station, sexy and dangerous."

"Ugh, gag me with a spoon." Emma rolled her eyes as she tossed a pillow at Hannah, "He just wanted to talk."

"Sure." Hannah wagged her eyebrows, "Are you gonna go?"

"Should I?" Emma looked from Hannah to Jules. Hannah shrugged and Jules nodded.

"It seems innocent and harmless." Hannah answered. "But it's also after two and nothing good ever happens after two in the morning. Especially at the sheriff's station." Hannah mimed getting handcuffed.

"I could go with you if you want." Jules offered, "And just like stay in the car cause I don't wanna witness anything that involves you slobbering over Stiles." Jules mimicked the motion of a sloppy French kiss. Hannah laughed before smacking Jules with the pillow. Jules fell over to the side and Emma couldn't help but laugh.

"Okay, fine." Emma put her hands up, giving in, "I'll go."

"Yay!" Hannah clapped her hands together, "Take my car." Hannah let her keys dangle from her fingers. Jules reached for them, but Hannah pulled her hand back, tossing the keys to Emma.

"Oh come on!" Jules cried out. Emma laughed and tossed the keys to Jules. Jules gave her a grateful smile before it fell away, "You aren't wearing that, are you?"

"Why, what's wrong with this?" Emma asked. Hannah and Jules shared a look, "Oh, no, I'm not putting that dress back on!"

"At least pants!" Hannah spoke over Emma, "The sweater's too big, it looks like you're not wearing shorts." Emma gave Hannah a look before rolling off of the bed and shoving down her shorts, trading them for a pair of leggings.

"Happy?" She asked, spinning around to look at her sisters.

"Meh." Jules made a face, "I'll survive."

Hannah shared an amused smile with Emma before waggling her fingers at the girls, "Have fun and be safe." Emma and Jules nodded as Hannah turned and walked into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

"Shall we?" Jules asked, looking back at Emma.

"Sure." Emma sighed, bringing up Stiles' text and quickly texting him that she was on her way.

Jules walked out of Emma's bedroom, Emma following behind. Making their way down the stairs, they listened for any signs of Angie moving around. Luckily she was still on the couch, looking over the file again. The girls snuck into the kitchen through the dining room only to stop when they saw Owen rummaging through the fridge. He caught sight of them and saluted them before heading back down into the basement. Jules and Emma shared a look before continuing out the kitchen door and into the backyard.

Emma got into the passenger seat of Hannah's Mini Cooper, letting Jules back it out of the drive way and head towards the sheriff's station. Jules Thorpe wasn't bad at a lot of things, except for driving. She didn't have the attention span to concentrate on driving and through out the drive, Emma found herself quickly alerting Jules to oncoming cars or an upcoming red light. The sisters only got there faster because Jules went through three stop signs and a red light.

"So do you want me to come in with you?" Jules asked as they pulled up in front of the sheriff's station.

"Uhâ€|" Emma looked up at the building before making a face, "Nah. It'll probably only take a few minutes."

"I wonder why he wanted you to come here."

"Maybe he was here with his dad?" Emma pulled her shoulders up to her chin, "I don't know, but I guess I'll ask?"

"Please do." Jules nodded. She gave her sister a tight smile, "Good luck."

"Thanks." Emma took in a deep breath before pushing out of the Mini Cooper.

Letting the door slam behind her, Emma took the outside stairs two at a time. She pulled open the outside door, stepping into the building and pulling open the second door to go into the lobby area.

Emma looked around the lobby as she let the door close behind her. Taking a few cautious steps forward, Emma wrapped her arms around her abdomen. There was no sign of Stiles, or anyone for that matter. Twice, Emma had accompanied Angie on her trips to bail Logan out of his holding cell and there was always a deputy in the front. But there was no one.

"Hello?" Emma called out. She peered around, pushing up on her toes to find someone, "Stiles?"

There was no answer. Emma took a step forward, towards the desk, and placed her palms flat against the counter. Tapping her foot, Emma made a clicked her tongue against the roof of her mouth as she looked around herself. She stopped when she heard someone walking down the hall towards her. Emma stepped back and looked down the hall to see Mattâ€"the kid from the party, walking towards her.

"Matt?" Emma's eyebrows furrowed, "Hey, uhm, have you seen Stiles?" She slowly asked as she looked around herself. "I was supposed to meet him hereâ€"

"There's been a change of plans." Matt coldly said. Emma raised her eyebrows and then realized he was holding something in his hand.

"Why are you holding a gun?" Emma took a step back and pointed at the gun, "Matt, what's going on?" Her eyes darted back up to Matt's face.

"I suggest you come with me." Matt tilted his head to the side, "Or else a bullet's going to be lodged into your thigh." Emma blinked, not knowing what was going on, but she found herself nodding.

"Yeah, yeah." Emma nodded.

"You too, Jules." Matt droned out.

Emma spun around to see Jules standing in the small area between the first and second doors. She tried to shake her head, but Matt forcefully grabbed her arm, spinning her around and shoving the gun into her hip as he held onto her tightly.

"Now, Jules." Matt seriously said. Emma whimpered as Matt shoved the barrel of the gun against her. Jules came into the lobby, hands up.

"You forgot your phone." Jules softly said, "I'm sorry, I just wanted to give it to youâ€"

"It's okay." Emma nodded, "It's fine, don't worry." Emma blinked as tears began to form

"What the hell is going on?" Jules' eyes darted from Emma and then to Matt.

"Shut up!" The gun left Emma's hip and she saw Matt wave it around, "Both of you shut the hell up!" Emma squeezed her eyes shut, trying not to whimper again.

"Okay." Emma whispered out, "Matt, we'll do whatever you say."

"Let her go." Jules seriously said. Emma kept her eyes trained on Jules, "Let her go and we'll do whatever you say." Emma saw her eyes harden. Matt's weight shifted and he waited a moment before dropping his arm from Emma's neck. Emma fell forward, going into Jules' arms.

"Let's go." Matt's voice was hard. He motioned with the gun for them to follow him. Emma swallowed. She felt herself nodding, taking Jules' hand in hers and squeezing it tightly as the two of them walked behind Matt.

He led them down the hallway and Emma peered into other rooms to see slain officersâ€"blood pooling around their bodies. Her stomach lurched and Emma turned to the side to throw up whatever she had in her stomach.

"Lovely." Matt groaned. Jules rubbed her sister's back, staring up at Matt as Emma wiped her mouth with the back of her hand.

"Did you kill them?" Jules asked, trying to control her voice.

Matt laughed in response, shaking his head, "You two really are dumb blondes." Jules narrowed her eyes, but didn't react physically. She helped Emma straighten up and they continued to follow Matt.

"Why are you doing this, whatever _this_ is?" Emma spoke up.

"You twoâ€"

Matt spun around, waving his gun at the two, "Are on a need to know basis."

"I don't think Stiles was the one who texted you." Jules softly said. Matt gave them a chilling grin, answering that Stiles did not in fact text Emma.

"Where's Stiles?" Emma continued, trying to put on a front. But Matt could see right through it. He squinted at her, making a face.

"Funny you should ask thatâ€|" Matt kicked one of the doors open, "Looks like we have visitors."

Emma and Jules stepped into the office only to see Stiles on the ground, some guy in a black henley next to him, both of them unready. Scott was against the wall, holding his side and sweating.

"You son of a bitch." Stiles muttered from his position on the floor. "She doesn't have anything to do with this youâ€!" Matt pulled his foot back to place a well aimed kick in Stiles' side.

"Hey!" Emma cried out, she went to reach out to grab Matt's shoulder, but he whirled around, slamming his fist across Emma's face. Emma's head snapped to the side and she let out a cry of pain.

Stiles started yelling from his position on the ground, but Matt stepped on his throat, cutting him off. "See what happens when you try to stop me?" He yelled out. Emma blinked, looking back at Matt. Jules had stepped over to Emma, hand on her shoulder. Emma's eyes darted to where Stiles was visibly choking.

"What I say goes! So either shut up or let him die!"

"I'll do whatever you say." Emma quietly said, feeling blood running down from her nose. Matt stared at her for a second before stepping off of Stiles. Stiles gasped for air and Emma took two uneasy steps towards him, "Stiles." She breathed out. Matt shoved her back, not letting her get to Stiles.

Meanwhile, Jules had left Emma's side, walking behind Matt as Emma talked, "Why did you bring us here? What is going on!?" Emma felt herself going into hysterics.

That's when Jules decided to attack. She jumped onto Matt's back, wrapping her arms around his neck and squeezing, "Emma! Gun!" She managed out as Matt tried to throw the small girl off.

Emma quickly, yet clumsily, lunged forward and tried to wrestle the gun out of Matt's hand. She wasn't thinking clearly, just acting. The gun went flying out of Matt's hand and landed across the room. With his free hands, Matt wrestled with Jules, slamming into the wall and crushing Jules against it. Jules cried out in pain, letting go of Matt and sliding down onto the floor. Matt wiped the back of his across his mouth and let out a laugh.

"You almost had me there." He pointed at Jules who blew a loose strand of hair from her face, "Surprised you could even reach my neck."

"You made it easy by stooping to my level." Jules spat out. Matt took a step towards her, but Scott stopped him, speaking up from where he was against the wall.

"Don't hurt them." Scott seriously said.

Matt glared at Scott for a moment before stalking away from Jules and grabbing Scott. Emma went over to Jules, helping Jules to her feet. Emma kept a steady arm around Jules as blood seeped from her nose. Her head was pounding, but she tried to ignore it.

"You're coming with me while I take care of the blonde bimbos." Matt shot a scathing look at Emma and Jules.

"Don't call them that." Scott instantly stood up for the girls.

"I'll call them whatever want." Matt spat out before shoving his hand against Scott's abdomen and making him wince.

Matt let go after a moment, stepping back to retrieve his gun. He waved it at the two girls, forcing them to walk in front of him. Emma and Jules obliged, Emma glancing at Stiles one last time before walking out of the office.

"Matt, just let them go." Scott said as they walked down the hall, "They don't have anything to do with this."

"Anything to do with what?" Jules asked, glancing back at Scott and Matt.

"Now they do." Matt said as an answer. He pushed Jules into a dimly lit room, Emma following behind

Emma quickly figured out that it was a holding cell. There was a woman behind the bars, dressed in a pair of scrubs while a man was handcuffed to the wall. Upon closer look, Emma recognized that it was Stiles' dad handcuffed against the wall.

"Against the wall." Matt commanded the girls, pushing Emma forward. Emma stumbled, but Jules quickly caught her.

"Would you stop with the pushing?" Jules snapped out, whirling around. Matt cocked an eyebrow, looking smug, "We aren't gonna try anything!"

"I'm not too sure about that." Matt seriously said. He brought the butt of the gun up and slammed it across Jules' temple. Jules' head snapped to the side and she went down, completely unconscious.

"Oh my God!" Emma dropped to her knees and rolled Jules over onto her back.

"Oh, get up!" Matt groaned, obviously done with the situation. When Emma didn't respond right away, Matt yanked her up to her feet.

"Hey!" Emma cried out as she faced Matt. She took in a breath, "Okay, Matt. Hey." She gave him a small smile, "You wanted to show me some pictures, right? Do you have your camera here?" Emma was stalling. She wasn't sure why, but she remembered a Grey's Anatomy episode where there was a shooter and the one girl survived because she talked, "I bet they're really great." Emma continued, trying not to freak out. Matt's grip loosened a bit on her arm, "Do you take pictures of landscapes or people? Or is it like whatever you want?"

"Emma" Scott's voice came from behind Matt. Emma glanced at Scott for a quick second before returning back to Matt.

"Huh?" She raised her eyebrows at him, "Do you develop them on film or is it more digital?"

"Digital." Matt said, releasing her from his grip. Emma gave him a

small smile.

"Oh, that's nice." She nodded at him. Matt gave her an easy smile, ducking his head down to look at his feet and that's when Emma tried to get out of the holding cell.

Emma faked right before going left. She darted around Matt, getting two steps away before Matt grabbed her ponytail. He yanked her back and slammed her down on the concrete ground. Emma coughed, blinking a bit as her vision cleared. She got to her feet, trying to steady herself. Matt was standing in front of her, fists balled.

"You shouldn't have done that." Matt coldly said before slamming his fist across her face.

Emma's head snapped to the side and Matt came back with another hook, making Emma's head snap to the other side. She heard someone with a deep voice yell, probably Sheriff Stilinski. Her ears were ringing as Matt punched her again.

"Stop!" She cried out, tears streaming down her face as she backed up, "Matt! Stop!" Matt landed another punch and Emma tried to keep her balance.

Falling to her knees, Emma covered her face with her hands, trying to protect herself. She had never been punched before let alone so many times. Adrenaline coursed through her, throwing her body into survival mode.

She felt Matt's hands on her, manhandling her over to the wall. Emma heard the click of handcuffs and slowly lifted her head to see she was handcuffed to the wall. Her head dropped back down, feeling like a hundred bricks were on top of her, and she watched Matt and Scott walk out of the holding cell room. Her vision was blurry and the room was spinning. Emma's head was pounding and when she blinked, she could barely force her eyes to reopen.

All of this was bad. Very, very bad.

End
file.